

The Mirror

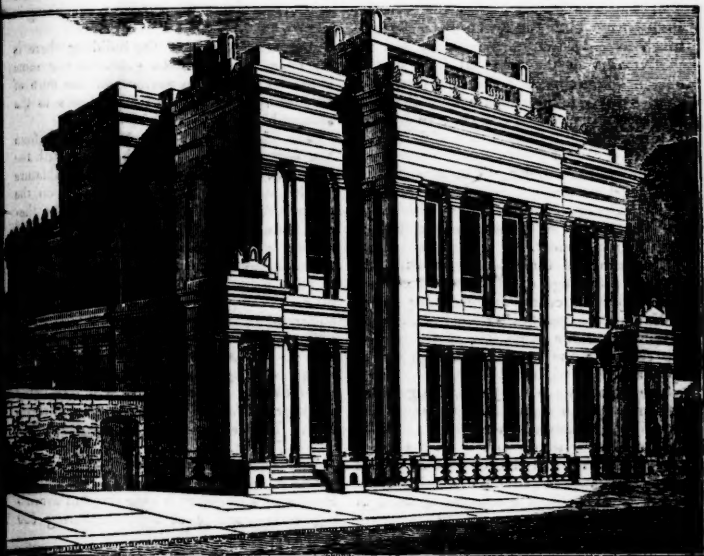
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 892.]

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1838.

[PRICE 2d.]



THE NEW LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, ISLINGTON.

(From a Correspondent.)

THE formation of this Society originated with some gentlemen of literary and scientific attainments, resident in the extensive and rapidly increasing neighbourhood of Islington, in the latter part of the year 1832.

Early in the following year, the Society became permanently established; and the usual officers were elected by the proprietary shareholders.

Apartments were forthwith engaged for the reception of the members, in the Upper-street; which rooms have been occupied by the Society, from its formation in 1833, ready up to the present time.

In less than three years, however, from the formation of the Society, the number of its supporters had so far increased, as to suggest to the managers the propriety of erecting a building, exclusively for their accommodation.

In the spring of 1836, some steps were taken towards carrying this intention into effect; many difficulties, however, presented themselves in the choice of suitable ground;

and several months elapsed before arrangements were finally made for the occupation of the present site,—it being then a vacant piece of ground, intended to form the south side of the entrance to a new square about to be formed westward, but a short distance from the Upper-street.

It was subsequently resolved, that a sum not exceeding 3000*l* should be expended in the erection of a suitable building; the first stone of which was laid on the 10th of April, 1837, by Charles Woodward, Esq., President of the Institution, assisted by the officers of the Society.

On the 16th of November last, being little more than seven months from laying the first stone, the theatre of the Institution was opened, with an elegant and classical inaugural address, from J. J. J. Sudlow, Esq., one of the vice-presidents.

The other parts of the building have been subsequently completed, and the whole of the rooms were thrown open for a general conversazione of the members, on the 24th of last month.

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The building has been executed according to the designs, and under the personal superintendence and direction, of Messrs. Gough and Roumieu, architects, of Lancaster-place, Strand.

The contracting builder is Mr. Dove, of Trinidad-place, Islington.

It must be observed that the structure itself is very disadvantageously placed, inasmuch as only a very foreshortened and imperfect view of the principal front can be obtained from the Upper-street; this, however, appears to have been unavoidable from the peculiar position of the site; in addition to which the limited dimensions of the ground itself have caused the internal arrangements throughout the building to be upon far too contracted a scale.

The exterior of the building, which is in the Grecian style, is stuccoed throughout with Roman cement.

The principal front, looking northwards, occupies a frontage of 51 feet, and consists of a projecting centre and receding wings, with entrance porches at each extremity, advancing to the same line of frontage as the centre of the building, but not carried up to an equal height.

The main order is composed of large antæ, standing upon a stylobate, and supporting its proper entablature: from these antæ the stylobate is projected to the front curb of areas, in centre, and at each end as blocks for the entrance-steps to the building; the spaces between these blocks being filled in with enriched dwarf iron paneling.

The lower and upper floors are divided by a sub-order of pilasters; the former of the same proportions as the antæ, which support the covered porches of entrance corridors at each end of the building. These antæ and pilasters stand upon a sub-plinth, above the stylobate, and their entablature is carried throughout: the projection of the antæ of the principal order, in every case being adapted to receive the cornice of the sub-order.

Between the small pilasters are placed the windows,—three in the centre, and one in each wing.

The entrance corridors at each end of the building being carried no higher than the sub-order, the entablature of each is surmounted by an open pedimental blocking, with acroteria upon its apex and extremities.

The upper part of the building has, in the centre, an open screen, formed by a sub-order of antæ, between the larger ones, which belong to the principal order, and the wings have pilasters of the same proportions: these antæ and pilasters stand upon the blocking course, immediately above the entablature of the lower order; the windows occupying the same positions, with reference to the pilasters, as in the floor below.

The whole is surmounted by the entabla-

ture of the principal order: the cima being added to the corona over the screen, in centre of the principal front, with a row of antæfixæ tiles from the bearers of the roof.

Above the screen, but receding from the front, is carried up an enriched parapet, of perforated paneling, with blocks at the angles, and an open pedimental blocking in the centre.

On the east side of the building there is an open passage, with gates of the same character as the iron work upon the curb of the front areas: this passage leads to the side and back lobbies of the theatre.

The flank wall of the east corridor, from the entrance porch to its junction with the main building, is rusticated; the entablature of the sub-order being continued upon the main building itself, and also upon the theatre immediately in its rear; but the entablature of the principal order is confined to the main building only: the semicircular end of the theatre, being somewhat lower, has an attic-cornice, proportioned to its height, and surmounted with acroteria.

The piers of the lower windows, on this side of the building, have the mouldings of the pilaster capitals of the sub-order continued upon them; but the upper windows being semicircular-headed, have moulded architraves only. The depth of the building upon this side is 78 feet.

The theatre is, in diameter, 50 feet, occupying a space of rather more than three-fourths of a circle, with nine rings of ascending seats, capable of accommodating 500 persons.

Upon the upper landing, there are lobbies of entrance from the main building on the west side, and from the open passage on the east side; and at the back of the theatre there is another lobby of access, to be used after the lectures have commenced.

A gallery also, with circular ends, projects into the theatre, and recedes in the centre part between two Ionic columns, standing in antæ. This gallery is upon the level of the ground-floor of the main building; the projecting part is supported by six enriched cantilever trusses, with a paneled soffit; and the front is composed of open reticulated bronze paneling, with brass patterns at the intersections: these panels are lined inside, and the top rail covered with crimson damask. The mouldings of the cornice and string-course upon the gallery front are enriched, as well as those of the pilaster capitals in the gallery itself; but all the rest of the mouldings in the theatre are plain.

The upper landing round the theatre has a continuous range of pilasters supporting an entablature, above which are a cove and bands. The ceiling is paneled in two rows of radiating compartments.

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The light is admitted by a lantern sixteen feet long and nine feet wide, with semicircular ends, the roof of which is supported by eight small pilasters, slightly inclined inwards, and standing upon the blocking-course immediately above the cornice, which forms the necking of the lantern: the sashes in the intermediate spaces between these pilasters are filled with ground glass.

The ceiling of the lantern is paneled in three compartments with a centre flower, and enrichments at each end.

A bronze lamp with gilt enrichments is suspended between the columns in the gallery, and two lamps of four burners each, projecting from the gallery front, are suspended over the lecturer's table below; these are lighted with gas, and are movable, to suit the arrangements of the lecturer.

On the basement immediately adjoining the lower part of the theatre, on the east side, is the lecturer's room, used also as a philosophical class-room, communicating with the laboratory and apparatus rooms, which are fitted up with glass-cases for apparatus, chemical furnace, sand-bath, &c., complete. And on the west side there is a lobby, with three arched openings of access to the staircase leading to the ground-floor, and communicating with the housekeepers apartments, scullery, cellars, areas, &c.

On the ground-floor, the reading-room occupies the entire front of the main building, and is lighted by five windows. The length of this room is thirty-six feet, by a width of twenty-four feet in the centre, and eighteen feet at each end.

The recesses on each side of the centre part of the room have four Ionic columns in each, standing in antæ, and pilasters with enriched capitals are introduced in the other parts of the room. These columns and pilasters are painted to imitate Sienna marble, with white capitals and bases. The walls are French white.

The mouldings of the entablature and ceiling are enriched, the latter being divided into twenty-seven compartments, or deep-sunk coffers, formed by the members of the cornice, with plain moulded inner panels in each. The recesses have architraves only, the facias of which are returned with corresponding moulded inner panels. The entablature and ceiling of this room is pure white, the inner panels only being French white.

There are two fireplaces in this room with doors at each end and in the centre: these doors imitate oak, with bronze furniture.

From three flowers in the panels of the ceiling, are suspended lamps, composed partly of the antique, and partly of the Florentine bronze; they are lighted with gas.

The entrance corridors at each end of the building, communicate with this room; the

east corridor with the library also; and the west corridor with the staircase, theatre, and other parts of the building generally.

The library is lighted by two windows looking towards the east, and is fitted up with shelves, capable of containing between four and five thousand volumes. A centre lobby from the library communicates with the reading-room, gallery of the theatre, and the staircase.

The staircase consists of a double flight of Portland stone steps and landings, with enriched bronze balustrading, ascending between antæ; leaving an uninterrupted communication on the ground floor between them: these two flights lead to a broad, single flight of steps over the centre lobby below.

The ceiling is circular, or "wagon-headed," divided into twenty-five equal coffers, with plain, deep, double sinkings in each.

The upper floor of the building contains the lobby of the staircase and committee room; and, upon a higher level, the museum.

The committee room is 20 feet by 12 feet, and lighted by two semicircular-headed windows, looking eastward.

The museum is 36 feet by 18 feet, and lighted by five windows, looking northward.

All the enrichments of this building have been modelled from designs, furnished by the architects; and have been principally executed by Messrs. Jackson and Sons, of Rathbone-place.

The contract for the building being taken within the amount of the architects' estimate of 2,700*l.*, the additional works connected with paving the footway in front, and the open passage on the east side of the building, the charges for the sewer, with contingent and unforeseen expenses relative to the occupancy of the ground, as well as the architects' commission included: the total amount of expenditure does not exceed the outlay authorized by the general body of the proprietary shareholders, namely 3,000*l.*

The outlay upon gas-pipes and lamps, furniture and fittings, to complete the furnishing of the new building, it is presumed, will be about 500*l.*

CORONATIONS.—II.

CORONATIONS OF THE EARLY SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

ALTHOUGH the ceremonies of the royal investiture form a spectacle for the eye of the passing age, rather than a subject of historical record, presenting anything characteristic of our monarchs, traces of the "form and body of the time" have occasionally been left by them on the page of history, which it is now our design to present to the reader.

The chief of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms

of the octarchy at the close of the eighth century was Mercia; and hither we find Pope Adrian, the friend and favourite of Charlemagne, sending two legates to enforce a new code of ecclesiastical laws, as early as A. D. 785. A synod was held in Northumbria, and another in Mercia, to receive them: but while the former kingdom first embraced Christianity,* in the latter were first exhibited, at this time, the solemn rites of an ecclesiastical consecration in the person of EGFURTH, the son of Offa, who was "halloved to king," in the presence of his father then reigning. This phrase of the Saxon Chronicle describes all that is now known of the mode of this early coronation; but prince Egfruth seems, in virtue of it, to have reigned conjointly with his father afterwards. It is remarkable that, although the Archbishop of Canterbury soon obtained the entire ecclesiastical precedence in the coronation of our kings;† at this same synod of Calcuith, (Chelsey, Bucks.) it was decided that a metropolitan see should be established amongst the Mercians, taking from that of Canterbury all the territory between the Thames and the Humber; and that Adrian accordingly sent the pallium of archiepiscopal dignity to Adulph, Bishop of Lichfield. Charlemagne, who called himself in letters produced at this synod, "the most powerful of the kings of the east," gives to Offa the sounding title of "the most powerful of the kings of the west."‡ Egfruth, it would seem, was not again crowned on his accession to the entire regal authority.

There is one instance of a Northumbrian coronation, in the stormy close of that dynasty, *i. e.* that of EARDULF, A. D. 795. This prince had a singular escape from the hands of Ethelred, his predecessor, by whom he was brought to the church door of Rippon, in Yorkshire, and as the monarch and the spectators thought, put to death. The body was carried into the choir by the monks; who, in chanting the funeral service, perceived it to breathe, dressed his wounds, and carefully preserved their future sovereign in their mo-

* The beautiful anecdote which Mr. Lingard furnishes from Bede, of the debate on the conversion of the Northumbrian king, Edwin, we cannot forbear transcribing. The high priest of the heathen rites having spoken—a theme "sought for information respecting the origin and destiny of man." "Offa," said he, "O king, in the depth of winter, while you are feasting with your thanes, and the fire is blazing on the hearth in the midst of the hall, you have seen a bird, pecked by the storm, enter at our door, and escape at the other. During its passage it was visible; but whence it came, or whither it went, you knew not. Such to me appears the life of man. He walks the earth for a few years; but what precedes his birth, or what is to follow after death, we cannot tell. Undoubtedly, if the new religion can unfold these important secrets, it must be worthy our attention."—*Lingard's History*, vol. i. p. 92.

† The see of Canterbury was restored to the primacy again by Cuthbert, the successor of Egfruth.

‡ Ep. Car. Mag. ap. Bouquet, tom v. p. 260.

nastery. He was consecrated and assisted to the throne by Æanbald, Archbishop of York, and two other prelates.

A consecration of ALFRED the Great, which is by many writers regarded as "regal," took place at Rome, A. D. 754, when that prince was but five years of age; and was performed by Pope Leo IV. at the request of his father. Mr. Turner supposes that Æthelwulf thus intended to designate him for his heir in preference to his elder brothers: and Mr. Lingard, that it was to secure his succession to the crown *after* his brothers, to the exclusion of their children; a conjecture that is strongly supported by the subsequent arrangements of the will of Æthelwulf, by which the minor kingdom of Kent was left to his second son, Ethelbert; and the kingdom of Wessex to Ethelbald, Ethelred, and Alfred, in order of seniority. "If there be room here for conjecture, I rather think," says Selden, "that as the unction used in the baptism of king Clovis was among the French made also by tradition to be an anointing him for king, so here the use of chrism in confirmation (for it appears that at the same time Pope Leo confirmed king Alured,) was afterward, by mistake, accounted for the royal unction."

Malsbury says expressly that the pope gave him "the regal unction and the crown;" it is also to be observed that no one of his brothers, Ethelbert, Ethelbald, or Ethelred, seems to have received a regal consecration, and that we do not read of a repetition of that ceremony when Alfred himself was crowned at Winchester; and here we leave the solution of the meaning of this ceremony to the reader.

Our next is an instance of female coronation. Æthelwulf, devotedly attached to the church, and fitted more for the cowl than the crowns he was now in the habit of bestowing, espoused, on his return from a pilgrimage to Rome, JUNITH, the daughter of Charles the Bold—and at the close of the marriage ceremony caused her to be crowned and anointed by the archbishop of Rheims. A regal seat was prepared for her by his side, and she received the new or disused title of Queen. This was in the year 856. To his people the marriage seems to have been as distasteful as it was in itself unnatural; the lady not having reached her twelfth year, and the king being advanced in age; but the "royal makings of a queen," with which she was honoured, are said to have excited their particular displeasure. Whether this arose, as is probable, from the consecration of a female to the royal dignity being wholly unprecedented at the court of Wessex, from some apprehension on the part of his subjects that the king designed to transfer their allegiance to a female at his death, or from

‡ Titles of Honour, p. i. chap. i.

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disgust at the recent conduct of Eadburga, who had poisoned her husband king Brichtric, must at this period be matter of pure conjecture. Clear, however, it is that some of our most respectable historians must be mistaken respecting the crime of Eadburga, causing the honour of a coronation to be "taken from" the Saxon queens. We have no instance of a female coronation in England until so late as the year 978, in the reign of Ethelred II. † that of Judith, therefore, was no revival of a discontinued custom. But a degradation of the consorts of the kings of Wessex in regard to the *title* of queen, and the right to sit in equal dignity with the king upon a throne, in consequence of the crime of Eadburga, is, perhaps, sufficiently established. Mr. Lingard, whose accuracy as an historian is entitled to the highest praise, adverts to this circumstance in the following summary of the honours of an Anglo-Saxon queen. "The consort of the cyning was originally known by the appellation of 'queen,' and shared, in common with her husband, the splendour of royalty. But of this distinction she was deprived by the crime of Eadburga, the daughter of Offa, who had administered poison to her husband Brichtric, the king of Wessex. In the paroxysm of their indignation the witan punished the unoffending wives of their future monarchs by abolishing, with the title of queen, all the appendages of female royalty. Ethelwulf, in his old age, ventured to despise the prejudices of his subjects. His young consort Judith was crowned in France, and was permitted to seat herself by his side on the throne. But during several subsequent reigns no other king imitated his example: and the latest of the Anglo-Saxon queens, though they had been solemnly crowned, generally contented themselves with this modest appellation of 'the lady.' ‡"

After king "Alfride," saith Peter Lang-

toft—
Kam EDWARDS the olde,
Faure man he was and wis, stalworth and bolde.
He was distinguished for those successful inroads on the Danish possessions in Britain which resulted in the entire dominion of England being united under the sceptre of his successors.

On the same authority we learn that he "toke the crown at Saynt Poule's," London: if by this his coronation is intended, Stow and Speed contradict the poet, assigning this honour to the town of Kingston-upon-Thames. But the proclamation of the monarch in London may be the meaning of the old chronicler.

* See Mr. Turner's Anglo-Saxons, Spelman's Life of Alfred, &c.

† Laylor's Glory of Regality. Addit. Notes, p. 310.

‡ Lingard's History, vol. i. p. 350.

ETHELSTAN, the first monarch of England, was crowned at Kingston, (id est, villa regia, says an early writer,) "according to the ancient laws," A. D. 924, by Athelm, archbishop of Canterbury. On this occasion, as we have before noticed, a high scaffolding was erected in the market-place of that borough, for the better exhibition of the prince and of the ceremonies to the people.

The coronations of EDMUND I. and EDRED, his brothers, (both of which took place at Kingston,) present nothing remarkable to our notice.

But that of EDWY, the eldest son of Edmund, was distinguished for a remarkable outrage on the person of the king. The popular account of this affair is, that the young prince had espoused a beautiful young lady of the royal blood, Elgiva, who was pronounced by the monks to be within the canonical degrees of affinity. Before his accession, therefore, she had been a source of dispute between the dignified ecclesiastics and the king. On the coronation-day he did not obtrude her claims upon the people; nor, on the contrary, would he forego his private comforts in her society. When the barons were indulging themselves in the pleasures of the feast, Edwy retired to his domestic apartments, and in the company of Elgiva and her mother, laid aside his crown and regal state. Dunstan, the aspiring abbot of Glastoubury, surmised the cause of his retreat; and taking with him his creature Odo, the nominal primate, penetrated into the interior of the palace, upbraided the prince with this untimely indulgence of his passions, and after branding his consort with the most opprobrious name of woman, brought him back with considerable personal violence into the hall. § Mr. Turner, our able Anglo-Saxon historian, regards the transaction as a bold attempt of Dunstan to subdue the regal power to his ambition. He represents the nobility as evincing some displeasure at the king's early departure, and the anxiety of Odo to communicate the state of their minds to Edwy. That the persons he first addressed excused themselves from undertaking this errand: and the commission devolved by a sort of general wish on Dunstan and Cynesius, a bishop, his relative. "But with the delivery of the message," he observes, "his commission must have terminated; and on the king's refusal [if he did refuse] it was his duty to have retired. As an ecclesiastic, he should not have compelled him to a scene of inebriety; as a subject, it was reasonable to offer violence to his prince." ||

§ See Hume's England, 8vo. vol. i. &c.

|| Turner's Anglo-Saxons, 4to. vol. i. p. 389.

(To be continued.)

The Contemporary Crabeller.

PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

[THE following attractive details are from the Journal of a Voyage round the Globe in 1833—36. By F. D. Bennett, Esq., Mem. R. Coll. Surg.]

Daylight, on the 7th of March, disclosed the dark and elevated form of "Pitcairn's Island," directly ahead, bearing W. half S. by compass, and presenting mountain land of limited extent. The northern side, on which the settlement is placed, offers a very picturesque appearance; rising from the sea as a steep amphitheatre luxuriantly wooded to its summit,* and bounded laterally by precipitous cliffs, and naked rocks of rugged and fantastic forms. The simple habitations of the islanders are scattered over this wooded declivity, and half concealed by the abundant verdure. The coast is abrupt, rocky, beaten by a heavy surf, and at most parts inaccessible; some coral *debris* are found on the shores, and small coves, but no distinct reefs obtain. At the period of our visit the population of this island consisted of eighty persons,† the majority of whom were children, and the proportion of females greater than that of males. With the exception of the offspring of three Englishmen resident on the island, and married to native women, the entire race are the issue of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, whose surnames they bear, and from whom they have not as yet descended beyond the third generation.‡ These islanders are a fine and robust people, but are far from possessing handsome features. They are high-spirited and intelligent, and speak both the Tahitian and English languages fluently. In intellect and habits they form an interesting link between the civilized European, and unsophisticated Polynesian nations. Their food is chiefly vegetable. Yams, which are abundantly produced, and of excellent quality, form the principal support of the people, and next to these the mountain taro roots (*arum costatum*), for the cultivation of which the dry and elevated character of the land is so well adapted. Cocoa-nuts, bananas, and pumpkins afford additional articles of diet, but the breadfruit-tree yields a scanty crop of very indifferent fruit. Swine, goats, domestic fowls, and the fish around the coast, afford the natives an occasional indulgence in animal food. Disease is rare amongst these Islanders, and *jefe*, or elephantiasis, so prevalent amongst

the Polynesian islands, is here unknown. A comparative scarcity of water exists, since there are no natural streams, and the volcanic structure of the island precludes the formation of wells. Hence the inhabitants depend upon rain water received into excavations or tanks. It is not, however, until rain has been absent seven or eight months that any inconvenience is experienced from deficiency of water.

The disastrous emigration of the Pitcairn islanders to Tahiti, and their subsequent return to their native land is well known. At the time of our visit, nearly two years had elapsed since their return, and the people had in a great measure resumed their systematic and simple habits, and the lands their cultivated state; but the injurious effect of a more enlarged intercourse with the world was yet evident in the restless and dissatisfied state of many amongst them, and a licentiousness of discourse which I cannot believe belonged to their former condition.

I lament to say we found them in a very unsettled and uncomfortable state, and divided into two factions opposed to each other with a rancour little short of open warfare. The particulars of this discord it would be tedious to recount, but its origin appeared due to the recent arrival on the island of an elderly person named Hill, who had appointed himself their teacher, governor, &c., and had formed a legislative body composed of some few of the more powerful inhabitants, but to which the mass of the population was much opposed. Their great wish was that a British ship of war should arrive and settle their disputes.

Two only of the original settlers from the *Bounty* existed in the island at our visit, and those were the aged Tahitian females, Isabella Christian, the widow of the notorious Fletcher Christian, and Susan Christian, his son's widow. But we were shown various books and other articles which had belonged to the *Bounty*.

There can be little doubt on the subject that Pitcairn's Island has had inhabitants previous to its occupation by the people of the *Bounty*, since numerous remains of aborigines have been found by the present inhabitants whilst cultivating the ground; indeed the fact may be considered confirmed by the recent discovery of two human skeletons inhumed on the soil, resting side by side, and the head of each reposing on a pearl shell. This last circumstance casts a yet greater mystery over the history of these aborigines, since the pearl shell, although found in the adjacent islands, has never been met with in the waters around Pitcairn's Island. To Hannah Young, the youngest daughter of John Adams, I am indebted for the possession of two stone adzes, supposed to have belonged to this ancient race, and which were

* The peak reaches 1,046 feet above the level of the sea (Beechey's Voyage, vol. ii. p. 675).—Ed.

† In December, 1825, sixty-six inhabitants were found by Captain Beechey, thirty-seven of which were the grandchildren of the original settlers, (p. 99). Ed.

‡ The first settlers consisting of fifteen males and twelve females, landed here in January, 1790.

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found embedded in the earth. They are rudely fashioned in the ordinary Polynesian form of such utensils, are composed of a black basalt highly polished, and bear an appearance of great antiquity. It is difficult to account for the apparent extinction of an original race upon a spot so replete with every essential for the support of human existence, and we are led to the hypothesis that either one of the epidemic diseases that occasionally scourge the islands of the Pacific had destroyed the inhabitants to the "last man," or that the original occupants were merely a few male natives of other lands, cast upon this when distressed, during one of the adventurous voyages so usually undertaken in their open canoes. The position of the village on Pitcairn's Island was fixed by Captain Beechey, R.N., who surveyed the island in 1836, in lat. $25^{\circ} 3' 37''$ S., long. $130^{\circ} 8' 23''$ W. of Greenwich.

After obtaining ample supplies of live stock and vegetables, in return for some useful manufactures of Europe, we left the island accompanied by three Englishmen who had resided on Pitcairn's Island many years since, but who had suffered so much persecution during the late discords which had unhappily prevailed, that they were glad to avail themselves of a passage to Tahiti, until they could return to their wives and families at Pitcairn's Island under competent protection.—*Journal of the Geographical Society*, vol. vii., part ii.

TAHITI.

(From the same.)

TAHITI presents an elongated and high range of land, apparently divided into two distinct islands, the low and narrow isthmus that connects the two peninsulas, not being visible until closely approached. Its general aspect is exceedingly mountainous, some level and highly fertile plains or valleys intervening, whilst a broad belt of alluvial soil occupies the coast.

The loftiest mountain on this island is situated towards its northern extremity, and may be estimated at between 6,000 and 7,000 feet elevation.* It has never been ascended by an European, nor has any exact measurement of its height been given, but the summit has been gained by some natives, who report the existence of a lake of yellow water, (probably an extinct crater,) and the presence of wild ducks differing in plumage from the more common kind indigenous to the island. The aspect of the lowlands of Tahiti has latterly undergone a considerable change, from the extent to which the guava shrub flourishes on the soil. Scarce twenty years have elapsed since this fruit-tree was intro-

duced from Norfolk Island, and it now claims all the moist and fertile land of Tahiti, in spite of every attempt to check its increase. The woodlands and bush, for miles in extent, are composed solely of this shrub, which bears a profusion of large and delicious fruit. The people have advanced but little in civilised habits; their dwellings are much as described by the earliest European visitors, and European clothing is adopted to but a scanty extent. Their principal improvements are in religious observances, and in the acquirement to a great degree of the elements of education.† The commerce of the island is confined to the exportation of pearl-shell and pearls, sugar and cocoa-nut oil, and arrow-root, which is altogether conducted by foreigners, since the natives do not themselves possess any vessel larger than a double canoe. The port dues, however, and trade for supplies afforded by the numerous English and American whale ships calling at the port, yield the natives much emolument, and trade in kind has now given place to the circulation of specie. In commercial importance and civilized improvements Tahiti, notwithstanding its priority of intercourse with civilized nations, is at least half a century behind Oahu, of the Sandwich group. A consul from the United States of America has lately been appointed to this island, so much the resort of American shipping. The British consul, whose charge includes all the principal groups of the Pacific, resides at Oahu, of the Sandwich group, a distance of five weeks' sail from Tahiti, and the communication uncertain.‡ Saddle-horses imported from South America are now in general use at Tahiti, both by natives and foreign residents; oxen are also numerous, and shipping in the port are supplied with beef, in quality little inferior to that of England, at about 2d. per lb.

An opinion very generally prevails at Tahiti that the interior and mountainous parts of the island are inhabited by a race of people differing from those of the coast, and of timid and secluded habits, but it seems scarcely probable.

† The population is estimated at from 18,000 to 20,000, chiefly Christians, under the care of eight missionaries of the India Missionary Society.—See Williams's "Missionary Enterprises."—Ed.

‡ In February, 1837, Mr. Pritchard was appointed Her Majesty's Consul for the Society and Friendly Islands, to reside at Tahiti.—Ed.

The Naturalist.

CURIOUS INSECTS.

THE annexed specimens, hitherto neglected by naturalists, and consequently new to the general reader, are selected from the *Aræna of Science*, just published; and their interesting character may be regarded as an average sample of that popular work. In

* Roughly estimated by Beechey 'at 7,000' feet. Blossom's Voyage, p. 195.—Ed.

adapting these instances of creation* for the *Mirror*, we have, however, thought proper to omit the technical details. They have been thus illustrated by the distinguished naturalist, Mr. G. R. Gray.

*These singularly formed insects are of the order *Orthoptera*. The first is named *Cylindrodes Campbellii*, after Major Campbell, by whom the specimen was brought from Melville Island, on the north coast of New Holland, where the insect is called by the colonists, "the wire-worm." It is so destructive that scarcely a single plant can be kept in a greenhouse for its ravages. It



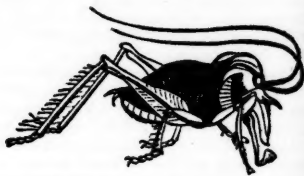
bore in their stems, and the withering of the plants alone betrays the secret work of the spoiler. Its form is admirably adapted for its mode of life: the power which it has of drawing its legs at pleasure into the cavities at the sides of the body enables it to assume a shape almost perfectly cylindrical; while the short blunt spine at the end of the tubia being protruded, keeps the creature fast when it is engaged in boring. The prevailing colour of this insect is brown, relieved by red and yellow.

The second insect is the *Anostostoma Australasie*, brought from the interior of Australia, about three hundred miles up the country. Its colour is ferruginous, the abdomen and legs being relieved with yellow. From the great length of the antennæ, Mr. Gray at first considered it allied to the crickets; but, as the insect has four joints

in all its tarsi, he has placed it with the locusts.



In the same subgenus must be placed the third insect, a species somewhat similarly formed. Its peculiarities are that the mandibles (of the male) are horizontal and long,



with the apex dentated and curved, so that the two ends meet; and the head is peculiar from having a wing-like projection on each side with the margins dentated. This insect is supposed to be a native of Surinam; and Mr. Gray proposes to call it *Anostostoma Herbstii* in honour of its first describer, Herbst, the German naturalist.

The last, another very singular insect re-



sembles the foregoing, though the form of the head is totally distinct. It is very long, and has two, long, acute, curved horns, projecting forward over the lip, which is very large. This curious insect has been named after Stoll, and is figured in his work on *Cigales*.

* Originally from the Magazine of Natural History. New Series. No. 2.

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New Books.

THE ATHENIAN CAPTIVE; A TRAGEDY.

By Thomas Noon Talfourd, Author of "Ion," &c.

[The success of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's classical tragedy of *Ion* has been a subject of universal congratulation among the admirers of the dramatic art, and the patrons of the acted Drama. In it has likewise originated the present tragedy, coupled with an earnest desire to assist the most accomplishing tragedian of the day in wresting the Stage from a low class of adventurers, whose only object is to make money, at the cost of every higher consideration. The impulse was, indeed, a generous one, and the execution of the design is altogether of equal excellence with its noble object; for, the *Athenian Captive* is a production of first-rate genius, abounding in felicitous descriptive passages, of diction refined and natural, and replete with masterly touches of genuine pathos and moral beauty.

The scene lies in Corinth, and the persons of the drama are as follow:

Creon, King of Corinth.

Hyllus, son of Creon.

Iphitus, Priest of the Temple of Jupiter the Avenger, at Corinth.

Calchas, an Athenian, living at Corinth.

Thoas, an Athenian warrior.

Pentheus, an Athenian warrior, his friend.

Igeus, Master of the Slaves to the King of Corinth.

Athenian and Corinthian Soldiers, &c.

Ismene, Queen of Corinth, second wife of Creon.

Creusa, daughter of Creon: twin-born of his first wife with Hyllus.

[The tragedy opens with Creon despairingly consulting Iphitus as to the destinies of Corinth in her contest with the Athenians: the priest conjures him to

Leave mournful contemplation of the dust,

To hail the omen

of the sacred birds; but the poor king quails beneath his sorrows:

Creon.—O, Iphitus! thy king hath well nigh spent His store of wealth, of glory, and of power, Which made him master of the hopes and strengths Of others! While the hugard Fury waits To cut the knot which binds his thousand threads Of lustrous life, and the sad ghost forsakes The palace of its regal clay, to shrink, Thin as a beggar's, sceptreless, uncrown'd, Unbred, to the through'd and silent shore Where flattery soothes not, think'st thou it can draw

A parting comfort from surrounding looks Of lusty youth, prepar'd with beaming joy To hail a young successor?

[The entrance of Creon's daughter, Creusa, however, consoles him:]

Creon.—If thou wert

A father, thou wouldst know a father's love Mid nature's weakness, for one failing sense Still finds another sharpen'd to attend Its finest ministries. Unlike the poms That make the dregs of life more bitter, this Can sweeten even a king's.

[Creusa is bearing offerings to Jove for the safety of her brother Hyllus, who, excited by the queen Ismene, has "sought the field." The second marriage of Creon has been one of discomfort, for, addressing Creusa, he says of Ismene,]

Rarely will she speak, And calmly, yet her sad and solemn words Have power to thrill and madden. O my girl, Had not my wretched fancy been enthral'd By that Athenian loveliness which shone From basest vestments, in a form whose grace Made the cold beauty of Olympus earth's, And drew me to be traitor to the urn Which holds thy mother's ashes, I had spent My age in sweet renewal of my youth With thought of her who gladden'd it, nor known The vain endeavour to enforce regard From one whose heart is dead amidst the living.

[Creon suspects the fidelity of his queen:]

Her thoughts are with our foes, the blood of Athens Mantles or freezes in her alien veins.

[A soldier enters, and announces the defeat of the Athenians, and Hyllus follows, slightly wounded: "the captive" Thoas, who had been found in combat with the prince, but who, in reality, had spared his life, is then brought before Creon, and condemned to slavery or death; he chooses the latter, but Creusa interposes:]

Creusa.—O do not fling away thy noble life, For it is rich in treasures of its own, Which Fortune cannot touch, and vision'd glories Shall stream around its bondage.

Thoas.—I have dream'd Indeed of greatness, lovely one, and felt The very dream worth living for, while hope, To make it real, surviv'd; and I have lov'd To image thought, the mirror of great deeds, Fed by the past to might which should impel And vivify the future;—blending thus The aims and triumphs of a hero's life. But to cheat hopeless infamy with shows Of nobleness, and slich a feeble joy In the vain spasms of the slavish soul, Were foulest treachery to the god within me. No, lady; from the fissure of a rock, Scath'd and alone, my brief existence gush'd, A passion'd torrent;—let it not be lost In miry sands, but having caught one gleam Of loveliness to grace it, dash from earth To darkness and to silence. Lead me forth— (To *Creusa*.) The Gods require thee!

[By the intercession of Hyllus, Thoas recalls his choice, consents to slavery, and resigns his arms to Hyllus, with this touching valediction:]

To a most noble hand I yield the glories of existence up, And bid them long adieu! This plume, which now Hangs motionless, as if it felt the shame Its owner bears, wav'd in my boyish thoughts Ere I was free to wear it, as the sign, The dancing image of my bounding hopes, That imag'd it above a throng of battles, Waving where blows were fiercest. Take it hence— Companion of brave fancies, vanish'd now For ever, follow them!

Farewell, old sword, Thou wert the bright inheritance which grac'd My finish'd years of boyhood—all that time And fortune spar'd of those from whom I drew The thirst of greatness. In how proud an hour

Did I first clasp thee with untrembling hand,
Fit thee, with fond exactness, to my side,
And in the quaint adornments of thy sheath
Guess deeds of valour, acted in old time
By some forgotten chief, whose generous blood
I felt within my swelling veins! Farewell!

(*The bucker.*) I rejoice to part with that;
My bosom needs no bulwark save its own,
For I am only man now. If my heart
Should in its throbbing burst, 'twill beat against
An unapparell'd casing, and be still.

[Hyllus, in gratitude, promises to cheer the captive.]

Hyllus.—I shall be proud to walk
A listener at thy side, while generous thoughts
And arts of valour, which may make them deeds,
Enrich my youth. Soon shall we 'scape the court,
Ply the small bark upon the summer sea,
Gay careless voyagers, who leave the shore
With all its vain distinctions, for a world
Of daucine foam and light; till ere invites
To some tall cavern, where the sea-nymphs raise
Sweet melodies; there shalt thou play the prince
And I will put thy slavish vestments on,
And yield thee duteous service;—in our sport
Almost as potent as light Fortune is,
Who in her wildest freaks but shifts the robe
Of circumstance, and leaves the hearts it cloath'd
Unchanged and free as ours.

Thoas.—I cannot speak.
Come—or mine eyes will witness me a slave
To my own frailty's masterdom—Come on!

[Thus ends the first act, to our thinking,
extremely graceful and picturesque. The second act opens with Thoas entering upon his duties in the palace of Creon, when news being brought of the danger of Hyllus in the field, Thoas rushes out to his aid, and again saves the prince:]

Urg'd by his furious steeds, his chariot hung
Scarce pois'd on the rock's margin, where the vale
Lies deepest under it; an instant more,
And Hyllus, who serenely stood with eyes
Fix'd on the heavens, had perish'd; when a form
With god-like swiftness clove the astonish'd crowd;
Appear'd before the coursers, scarce uplaid
By tottering murl;—strain'd forward o'er the gulf
Of vacant ether; caught the floating reins,
And drew them into safety with a touch
So true, that sight scarce witness'd it. The prince
Is in his father's arms.

[Thoas returns, and receives the thanks of Creusa.]

Hero! accept a maiden's fervent thanks,
All that she has to offer, for a life
Most precious to her.

Thoas.—Speak not of it, fair one!
Life, in my estimate, 's too poor a boon
To merit thanks so rich.

Creusa.—Not such a life
As his to me. We both together drew
Our earliest breath, and one unconscious crime
Shar'd; for the hour that yielded us to day
Satestid her who bore us. Thence attach'd we
grew.

As if some mother of that mother's love
Each for the other cherish'd; twin-born joys,
Hopes, fancies, and affections, each bath watch'd
In the clear mirror of the other's soul,
By that sweet union doubled. Thou hast saved
Two lives in saving Hyllus.

[Creusa now sympathizes in the fate of Thoas, and her "words breathe more than gratitude." In the next scene, Thoas attends at the royal banquet, and is commanded by the stern Ismene to

Carry round the cup,
And bear it to the king, with duteous looks.
He is about to hand the cup to Creon, who
pledging "Ruin to Athens," the captive
dashes down the vessel, exclaiming:]

Ruin to Athens! who dares echo that?
Who first repeats it dies. These limbs are arm'd
With vigour from the gods that watch above
Their own immortal offspring. Do ye dream,
Because chance lends ye one insulting hour,
That ye can quench the purest flame the gods
Have lit from heaven's own fire?

[Hyllus attempts to appease the guests, attributing the language of Thoas to phrenzy:]

Thoas.—No! I call the gods,
Who lend attentive from their azure thrones,
To witness to the truth of that which throbs
Within me now. 'Tis not a city crown'd
With olive and enrich'd with peerless fanes
Ye would dishonour, but an opening world
Diviner than the soul of man hath yet
Been gifted to imagine—truths serene,
Made visible in beauty, that shall glow
In everlasting freshness; unapproach'd
By mortal passion; pure amidst the blood
And dust of conquests; never waxing old;
But on the stream of time, from age to age,
Casting bright images of heavenly youth
To make the world less mournful. I behold them!
And ye, frail insects of a day, would quaff
"Ruin to Athens!"

[Thoas is ordered for a traitor's death, but through the interference of Ismene, he is consigned to "a cell deep in the rock." And Creon, wrathful at the intercession of Hyllus, banishes the prince from the country. Thoas attempts to soften the cruel father:]

King, I will grovel in the dust before thee;
Will give these limbs to torture; nay, will strain
Their free-born sinews for thy very sport,
So thou recall the sentence on thy son.

[Thoas and Ismene are then left alone, when the latter, calculating upon the gaoler being, as well as herself, an Athenian, plans a meeting with Thoas, and the act closes.

The third act opens with Thoas in the dungeon, which he thus apostrophizes:]

Ye walls of living rock, whose time-ach'd stains
Attest that ages have revolv'd since hands
Of man were arm'd to pierce your solid frame,
And, from your heart of adamant, hew out
Space for his fellow's wretchedness, I hail
A refuge in your stillness; tyranny
Will not stretch forth its palsied arm to fret
Its captive here. Ye cannot clasp me round
With darkness so substantial, as can shut
The airy visions from me which foresew
The glories Athens will achieve, when I
Am passionless as ye.

[His meditations are broken by the appearance of Creusa, who steals thither to perform a holy office, which should have been her brother's—to aid the flight of the captive: he lingers, pleading his appointment with the Queen, the mention of which excites the suspicion of Creusa:]

To the Queen?

What would she wish thee? She is steel'd 'gainst
nature;

I never knew her shed a tear, nor heard
A sigh break from her,—oft she seeks a glen
Hard by the temple of avenging Jove,
Which sinks 'mid blasted rocks, whose narrow gorge

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Scarcely gives the bold explorer space; its sides,
Glistening in marble blackness, rise aloft
From the scant margin of a pool, whose face
No breeze o'er dimpled; in its furthest shade
A cavern yawns, where poisonous vapours rise
That none may enter it and live; they spread
Their rolling films of ashy white like shrouds
Around the fearful orifice, and kill
The very lichens which the earthless stone
Would nurture;—whether evil men, or things
More terrible, meet this sad lady there,
I know not—she will lead thee thither!

Thoas.—No—
Not if guilt point the way, if it be sorrow
I must endure it rather than the curse
Which lies upon the faithless heart of him
Who breaks a promise plighted to the wretched;
For she is wretched.

[*Thoas and Ismene meet in the Hall of Statues, in Creon's Palace, and there she reveals her wrongs and sufferings, in hateful splendour, spurned, disowned by living kindred, yet sprung "from the great race of Theseus."* *Thoas is excited.*—]

From the race
Of Theseus!—of the godlike man whose name
Hath shone upon my childhood as a star
With magic power?

[*The distracted woman pants for freedom and vengeance, and thus breaks her purpose:*—]

In the depths
Of neighbouring caverns, fons of Creon meet
Who will obey thee; lead them thence to-night—
Surprise the palace—slay this hated king,—
Or bear him as a slave to Athens.

Thoas.—Never!
I am a foe to Corinth—not a traitor,
Nor will I league with treason. In the love
Of my own land, I honour his who cleaves
To the scant graces of the wildest soil,
As I do to the loveliness, the might,
The hope, of Athens. Aught else man can do,
In honour, shall be thine.

Ismene.—I thought I knew
Athenians well; and yet, thy speech is strange.
Whence drew thou these affections,—whence these
thoughts

Which reach beyond a soldier's sphere?

Thoas.—From Athens;
Her groves; her halls; her temples; nay, her streets
Have been my teachers. I had else been rude,
For I was left an orphan, in the charge
Of an old citizen, who gave my youth
Rough though kind nurture. Fatherless, I made
The city and her skies my home; have watch'd
Her various aspects with a child's fond love;
Hung in chill morning o'er the mountain's brow,
And, as the dawn broke slowly, seen her grow
Myself from the darkness, till she fill'd
The sight and soul alike; enjoy'd the storm
Which wrapt her in the mantle of its cloud,
While every flash that shiver'd it reveal'd
Some exquisite proportion, pictur'd once
And ever to the gazer;—stood entranc'd
In rainy moonshine, as, one side, uprose
A column'd shadow, ponderous as the rock
Which held the Titan groaning with the sense
Of Jove's injustice; on the other, shapes
Of dreamlike softness drew the fancy far
Into the glistening air; but most I felt
Her loveliness, when summer-evening tints
Gave to my lonely childhood sense of home.

[*At length, her arts begin to prevail.*]

Thoas.—Fearful woman,
Speak thy command, if thou wouldst have it reach
A conscious ear; for whilst thou gazest thus,
My flesh seems hardening into stone; my soul
Is tainted; thought of horror courses thought

Like thunder-clouds swept wildly;—yet I feel
That I must do thy bidding.

—*Ismene then pleads the "wretchedness and shame" once hurled upon her:*

I was pluck'd
From the small pressure of an only babe,
And in my frenzy, sought the hall where Creon
Drain'd the frank goblet; fell upon my knees;
Embrace'd his foot-stool with my hungry arms,
And shriek'd aloud for liberty to seek
My infant's ashes, or to hear some news
Of how it perish'd;—*Creon* did not deign
To look upon me, but with reckless haste
Dash'd me to earth; yes, this disgrace he cast
On the proud daughter of a line which trac'd
Its skiey lineage to the gods, and bore
The impress of its origin,—on me,
A woman, and a mother!

Thoas.—Let me fly
And whet Athenian anger with thy wrongs—
My thoughts are strange and slaughterous.

[*Exulting in her triumph, Ismene now owns Thoas.*]

'Tis my son—my own!
The very child for whom I knelt to Creon,
Is sent to give me justice. He is gone,
Arm'd with a dagger, thro' the royal chamber,
Sworn to strike any that may meet him there
A corpse before him.

[*In the following scene, Thoas rushes in horror from his murderous work, and meeting with Pentheus, a guard, confesses his crime:*]

Pentheus.—Think not of it thus:—
Thy lips are parch'd,—let me fetch water.

Thoas.—No!
I have drunk fiercely at a mountain spring,
And left the stain of blood in its pure waters;
It quench'd my mortal thirst, and I rejoice'd,
For I seem'd grown to demon, till the stream
Cool'd my hot throat, and then I laugh'd aloud,
To find that I had something human still.

Pentheus.—Fret not thy noble heart with what is
past.

Thoas.—No!—'tis not past!—the murderer has no
past:

But one eternal PRESENT.

[*At this moment, the voice of Hyllus is heard; he is seeking the coast, and encounters Thoas, who becomes agonized at the sight of the fatherless prince.*

The fourth act opens with Hyllus and Creusa over the urn of Creon, in the Funeral Grove at Corinth: Hyllus tells her that she must

No longer link the thoughts
Of nobleness and Thoas.

At the break of day
I met the murderer, frantic from his crime,
In anguish which explain'd by after proofs
Attests his guilt.

[*Ismene enters with guards, and defies Hyllus to his heritage. In the next scene, Thoas appears in triumph before the gates of Corinth, and vows that night to sup within the city. The gates are opened, and the hero exults:*]

Thoas.—Without a blow?
We shall not earn our banquet. So expands
Before the vision of my soul, the east
To the small cluster of our godlike sons.
Let Asia break the mirror of our seas
With thousand stems of ivory, and cast
The glare of gold upon them to disturb

The azure hues of heaven, they shall be swept
As glittering clouds before the sun-like face
Of unopplac'd virtue! Friends, forgive me;
I have been us'd to idle thought, nor yet
Have I ar'd to marry it to action. Bless
To day in both.

[A herald arrives from the Queen, and requires a conference with Thoas: they meet in the Hall of Statues—he curses the avenging woman for his guilt—]

Ismene.—Hold! Parricide—fearless!
She whom thou hast aveng'd, she whom the death
Of Creon hath set free, whom thou wouldst curse,
Is she who hurt thee!

Thoas.—Thou!
Ismene.—Dost doubt my word?
Is there no witness in thy mantling blood
Which tells thee whence 'twas drawn? Is nature
Silent?

If, from the mists of infancy, no form
Of her who, sunk in poverty, forgot
Its ills in tending thee, and made the hopes
Which glimmer'd in thy smiles her comfort,—gleams
Upon thee yet!—hast thou forgot the night
When forgers from Corinth toss'd a brand
Upon the roof that shelter'd thee; diagg'd out
The mother from the hearth-stone where she sat,
Resign'd to perish, shrieking for the babe
Whom from her bosom they had rent? That child
Now listens. As in rapid flight, I gazed
Backward upon the blazing ruin, shap'd
Of furies, from amid the fire, look'd out
And grin'd upon me. Every weary night
While I have lain upon my wretched bed,
They have been with me, pointing to the hour
Of vengeance. Thou hast wrought it for me, son!
Embrace thy mother.

Thoas.—Would the solid earth
Would open, and enfold me in its strong
And stifling grasp, that I might be as though
I ne'er was born.

Ismene.—Dost mock me? I have clasp'd
Sorrow and shame as if they were my sons,
To keep my heart from hardening into stone;
The promise'd hour arriv'd; and when it came,
The furies, in repayment, sent an arm,
Moulded from mine, to strike the oppressor dead.
I triumph'd,—and I sent thee!

Thoas.—Dost confess
That, conscious who I was, thou urg'd my knife
Against the king?

Ismene.—Confess!—I glory in it!
Thy arm hath done the purpose of my will;
For which I bless it. Now I am thy sutor.
Victorious here! Pay me for those cares
Long past, which man ne'er guesses at,—for years
Of daily, silent suffering, which young soldiers
Have not a word to body forth; for all,—
By filling for a moment these fond arms,
Which held thee first.

Thoas.—[*Striking from her*.]—I cannot. I will
kneel

To thank thee for thy love, ere thou didst kill
Honour and hope;—then grovel at thy feet,
And pray thee trample out the wretched life
Thou gav'st me.

Ismene.—Ha! Beware, unfeeling man:
I had oppos'd, had crush'd all human loves,
And they were wither'd; thou hast call'd them forth,
Rushing in crowds from memory's thousand cells,
To scoff at them. Beware! They will not slumber,
But sting like scorpions.

[*Iphitus*, the priest, now enters, demanding for the people an inquiry into the murder of Creon: *Hyllus* is suspected—]

They found him
Just after day-break, suddenly return'd
From exile in the chamber of the king,
Gazing with bloodless aspect on a sight
Of bloodshed.

[*Thoas* promises to *Creusa* that he will save her brother's life; but the poor maiden sinks beneath her afflictions:]

Creusa.—And what have I
To do with happiness? I am not young,
For I grew old in moments charg'd with love
And anguish. Now I feel that I could point
The murderer out with dreadful skill—could mark
The livid paleness, read the shrinking eye,
Detect the empty grasping of the hand
Renewing fancied slaughter;—why dost turn
Thus coldly from me?—Ah! thou hast forgot
The vows which, when in slavery, thou off'r'd,
And I was proud to answer if not, *Thoas*,
Once press my hand; O gods! he lets it fall!
So withers my last hope—so my poor heart
Is broken. [*Exit*.]

[In the fifth act, *Ismene* is seated in the Temple of Jupiter the Avenger, with the Corinthians and Athenians, *Hyllus* and *Thoas*; she is called upon to name the murderer—she inquires his sentence, which is immediate death—she shudders—]

Iphitus.—If quivering tongue
Refuse its office, point the victim out.

[*Ismene* rises: she turns towards *Thoas*, who rises, and confronts her; she trembles, pauses, and resumes her seat.

Iphitus.—Thou hast confess'd the guilty one is here;
Where stands he?

[*Ismene* rises; points to *Hyllus*, shrinks "There!" and falls back senseless in her chair.

Thoas.—'Tis false!
[*Creusa* rushes forward and embraces *Hyllus*.]

Creusa.—Most false! O murderers!
Protect him, noble *Thoas*!

[*Thoas* asserts the innocence of the Prince, and is defied to the proof. A powerful struggle ensues between *Ismene* and *Thoas*: his last appeal to her hardened heart is extremely touching:]

I kneel again,
A child, and plead to that unhardened heart,
By all the long past hours of priceless love,
To let my gushing soul pass forth in grace,
And bless thee in its parting!

Haste ere the roof shall fall, and crush the germ
Of sweet repentance in us; take thy seat,
And speak as thy heart dictates—

[The despairing woman rushes out, and the sacrifice of *Hyllus* is about to proceed:]

Iphitus.—Dread Power, that bade us to this fate,
accept

The expiation that we offer now,
And let this blood poured forth atone.

[*Thoas* suddenly falls from his seat to the ground. *Creusa* rushes to him, and all surround him.

Creusa.—Gods! what is this new horror?

[*Opening the vest of *Thoas*, the dagger falls from it.*

Thoas.—There! 'Tis done!

'Tis well accomplish'd.

Creusa.—*Hyllus*, go!

Brother, no more—for thee he perishes.

Thoas.—I will not purchase a last taste of sweetness

By such estrangement. That steel bears the blood
Of Creon and his slayer;—how exult'st
I leave you, generous king, to witness for me.

[The brother and sister then embrace, and the curtain falls.]

WORKS OF

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WORKS OF ART AND ARTISTS IN ENGLAND.

By G. F. Waagen.

[This work is a kind of artistical tour in England, and contains descriptive sketches of our choicest picture-galleries, with a critical enumeration of their gems. Their intelligent author is Director of the Royal Gallery at Berlin, of which collection he has published an admirable catalogue, with an arrangement combining the chronological order with the classification according to schools, which plan is very perfect. Dr. Waagen, therefore, came among us with high qualifications to produce an excellent account of the treasures of art assembled in this country; and his work will, doubtless, enjoy popularity commensurate with the reputation which his Berlin catalogue has acquired him throughout Europe. Added to this, the work before us is not exclusively artistical—we mean as that term is applied to the connoisseurship of the fine art—for, it would be difficult to find a page in these volumes in which the judgment of the artist is not happily blended with the information given: and, the Doctor being provided with letters of introduction to the best classes, from the sovereign to the commoner, has been enabled to superadd many pictures of English life and manners, and not a few sketches of the natural beauty, the happiness and prosperity, of this favoured country. With his love of *veritas* he has imbibed liberal taste and feelings, such as alone fit an observer to become a faithful limner of life—its refined enjoyments and felicitous embellishments, in such kindly views as throw into the shade the bad passions of less expanded minds.]

Dr. Waagen's work is in the form of letters, to which German tourists in this country seem somewhat attached; though it may be questioned whether much room is not lost by epistolary phraseology. Our extracts must be of "infinite variety," for it would be vain to attempt any thing like analyses of the pictorial criticism or enumeration. The date of the work is between May 12 and October 10, 1835, an interval of five months, a short period, it must be owned, for twelve hundred pages of critical and minute observation, such as this work exhibits. It should be added that the main charm of the book, with a view to its popularity, is the retention of many scattered observations on other subjects than pictures, "because, though perhaps not new, they bear the impression of the scenes and occurrences of the moment, and serve occasionally to interrupt the reflections on Art, which may easily become tiresome by monotony." The translator of the work, Mr. Lloyd, states that he has adhered strictly to the precise meaning of the original, adding: "no author was ever more entitled to this just care than Dr. Waagen, who, with profound knowledge of the whole subject,

combines an accuracy of judgment, a refinement of taste, and a nicety of discrimination, which claim the highest respect for his opinions, delivered, as they evidently are, with conscientious impartiality, and inspired by enthusiastic love and admiration of all that is beautiful and noble in the whole domain of the Fine Arts. These excellencies will render his work classical and give it a permanent value as an authority and enlightened guide." Our quotations commence with the

Scenery of the Thames.]

The banks of the Thames, on which, after Gravesend, there are here and there very animated places were clothed in a vernal green of the most wonderful brightness, so that England appeared to me to be really an Emerald isle, as O'Connell so often calls Ireland. On the left bank I saw Woolwich, with the immense military arsenal, and soon afterwards Greenwich, an asylum for invalid seamen, the splendid buildings of which are adorned with numerous pillars. When we soon afterwards arrived at the port of London and I expressed my surprise at the forest of masts, I was told that those ships were but a small portion; the far greater number were in vast artificial basins called Docks. Contrasted with such manifold and grand impressions of the most animated reality, the lofty Tower with its four corner turrets, rose as a remarkable monument of the past. Yet not to its advantage. For the images of the children of Edward IV., of Ann Bolyn, of Jane Grey, and of the many innocent victims murdered in the times of despotism and tyranny, passed like dark phantoms before my mind.

[Two exquisite bits of criticism follow:]

I must mention as a particularly fortunate circumstance that the sea gradually subsided from a state of violent agitation to a total calm; and as bright sunshine alternated with a clouded sky and flying showers, I had an opportunity of observing, in succession all the situations and effects which have been represented by the celebrated Dutch marine painters, William Van de Velde, and Backhuysen. Now, for the first time, I fully understood the truth of their pictures, in the varied undulation of the water, and the refined art with which by shadows of clouds, intervening dashes of sunshine, near, or at a distance, and ships to animate the scene, they produce such a charming variety in the uniform surface of the sea. To conclude in a striking manner this series of pictures. Nature was so kind as to favour us at last with a thunder-storm, but, not to interrupt by long continued rain, suffered it to be of very short duration.

So long as we were in the city, the ancient commerce and business of London, where, as Homer says, "most furiously the tumult rages," we proceeded very slowly in the nar-

row streets, on account of the immense number of carriages of all kinds. At times, when we had to halt longer than usual, I had the best opportunity of observing the people busily at work in the shops of the shoemakers, smiths, &c., some of which, by picturesque grouping and striking light and shade, resemble pictures of Adrian Ostade, or Schalcken, and far surpassed by their naivete the artificially arranged living pictures.

[Our new public buildings are not more severely criticised than they deserve. Buckingham Palace "looks as if some wicked magician had suddenly transformed some capricious stage scenery into solid reality." But, more rigidly castigated is

York Column.]

What shall we say to the fact that the English, who first made the rest of Europe acquainted with the immortal models of the noblest and chastest taste in architecture and sculpture, of ancient Greece, in all their refinement, when it was resolved, a few years ago, to erect a monument to the late Duke of York, produced nothing but a bad imitation of Trajan's pillar? This kind of monument we know first came into use among the Romans, a people who, in respect to the gift of invention in the arts and in matters of taste, always appear, in comparison with the Greeks, as half barbarians. The very idea of isolating the column proves that the original destination, as the supporting member of a building, was wholly lost sight of. Besides this, the statue placed on it, though as colossal as the size of the base will allow, must appear little and puppet-like, compared with the column; and the features, the expression of the countenance, the most important designations of the intellectual character of the person commemorated, are wholly lost to the spectator. In Trajan's pillar, the bas-reliefs on the shaft give at least the impression of a lavish profusion of art; but this Duke of York's column, with its naked shaft (which, besides, has not the advantage of the entasis), has a very mean, poor appearance.

[The following is very just:]

If the immense sums expended in architectural abnormalities had always been applied in a proper manner, London must infallibly have been the handsomest city in the world. I must, however, add, that several buildings are honourable exceptions.

[An interesting account follows, of the origin of a taste for collecting works of art in this country, with retrospective notices of celebrated galleries, &c. To this succeeds a visit to

Sutherland House.]

I was received in the kindest manner, and the duke himself showed me the principal parts of his house. By its extent, its noble proportions, the solidity of the materials, it

being entirely built of hewn stone, and the beauty of the situation, it is superior to all the other mansions in London. Erected by the architect B. Wyatt for the late Duke of York, it was purchased and finished after the duke's death by the late Marquis of Stafford, father of the present duke. His Grace has, however, added a story to it. From the windows you enjoy a free, beautiful view; for on the one side you overlook the whole of the Green Park, and on the other St. James' Park, with lofty trees of the most luxuriant growth, between which the towers of Westminster Abbey rise in the back ground. Yet the eye always returns to the interior of the apartments, where it is attracted by a variety of objects; for, besides the riches and the splendour which the hangings, curtains, and furniture every where display, the more noble and refined enjoyment which works of art alone can afford, is no where wanting. The marble chimney-pieces are adorned with small bronzes and elegant vessels after the most celebrated antiques. There are likewise some antique busts and bas-reliefs. But the chief ornaments are the paintings of the Italian, Flemish, Spanish and modern English schools; and the duke, who is one of the richest men in England, continues to add to the collection. A gallery, lighted from above, which he showed me in the new story, will contain, in a few years, the most valuable paintings.

I found no alteration in the duchess, to whom he presented me. The expression of the purest benevolence and of a clear understanding, which is united in her with uncommon and genuine English beauty, cannot but excite the admiration of all who have the advantage of her acquaintance.

The most striking part of the mansion is the staircase. This very large space, which, opening through all the stories, is perfectly lighted by a lantern above, has a surprising and splendid effect from its good proportions, the colour of the walls, which are an admirable imitation of Giallo antico, and balustrades richly adorned with gilt bronze. It strongly reminded me of many of the palaces at Genoa.

The Public Journals.

THE POSTMAN.

By Dr. Lichfield.

His portrait is an every-day picture of life, and yet not easy to paint. He is the very incarnation of alacrity, the embodied spirit of regularity and precision. Day by day, hour by hour, he is to be seen traversing with rapid step the limits of his own narrow district. The heavens may smile or frown. Revolutions may shake the land; or peace and prosperity gladden its children. Disease may wave its pestilent torch; or sudden calamity

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sweep away its victims. But the postman is still at his post. A diurnal dispenser of news. A kind of hope in the Queen's livery, visiting every one in turn, and welcomed by all. A messenger of life and of death; of gratified ambition, or disappointed desire; of gracious acceptance, or harsh refusal. He is still welcome, for his presence, and that which he brings at least, puts an end to the most cruel of human sufferings—uncertainty.

He is the chief link which unites the past to the present, the present to the future. The mysterious voice which whispers its secrets in every ear, and touches every heart. Like Fortune he is blind: and like her he dispenses unconsciously pleasure or pain. The sharp summons communicated by his dexter finger and thumb to the knocker causes emotion in every heart. All doors are open to him; all hands stretched forth. Each ear is on the alert to learn for whom the missive is intended. And, if emotion comes with him, it likewise precedes and follows him. And if to-day he bring despatches from a near part of the empire, full of little passions, little anxieties, and little coquetties, to-morrow this universal plenipotentiary, who has mastered time and space, may be the bearer of more profound and heart-stirring intelligence, waited on post-office pinions from the furthest ends of the earth.

But the visits of the *Twopenny*-postman are usually clothed with a less important character than those of his colleague, the General-postman. The latter may bring the news of distant battle and of death; of fortunes lost by shipwreck, or gained by successful enterprise. The labour of the former consists chiefly in being the bearer of the thousand trifles which constitute the business of ordinary life:—invitations to the ball and concert; notes of congratulation and inquiry; *billets-doux couleur de rose*, perfumed with the sweet breath of flowers, folded into fantastic forms, and sealed with devices which let slip the secret they try to confine. But still the twopenny postman is the same smart, assiduous, and steady character, as he of the general. No labour is too heavy for him; the letter of the merchant, bearing a bank order of large amount, is as light as the letter of his clerk, full of love and protestation. Like the general-postman, he is the master of every secret, without knowing anything of the mystery himself. He has all our private affairs in his keeping, but never betrays them. He reads by instinct the character of a letter without opening it. He witnesses—nay, is a party to—every intrigue, every emotion, every passion of life; but is so discreet and silent that he never alludes to the one or the other. He is equally the bearer of the request and the reply; causes the wound, and cures it; carries at the same time consolation and despair, and is accompanied in his pro-

gress by a clamorous concert of complaints, prayers, praises, and entreaties; which, however, do not in the slightest degree disturb his equanimity.

The postman is also a man of general information. He knows precisely our standing in society, according as we are rich or poor, celebrated or unknown, wise or otherwise. He finds all this imaged in our correspondence; and in the same clear mirror beholds reflected the extent of our influence, and the character of our understanding, until we are laid bare to his observation in all our native beauty or deformity. Such is the drama of life—so interesting, so striking, so profound—which is played by the postman every day; and afterwards complicated and renewed at each succeeding turn of duty.

We may finish the portrait of the postman in a few words. He is active and merry; for he has no time to be idle and sad. He is honest and trustworthy; for his reputation, and that of his department, depend upon these qualities. He is civil and obliging; for the new year must needs come round, with its gratuities and rewards; and, to crown all, he is faithful and true; for, though entrusted, as we have seen, with all the secrets of the town, he never dreams of divulging them.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

QUESTIONAL PARALLEL BETWEEN BYRON AND SCOTT.

WE lament and deprecate the disparaging and ungenerous parallels insinuated at times between the excellencies of Scott, and what Mr. Lockhart is pleased to call "the malignity of Byron." Scott needed no rivals to be sacrificed on his tomb; and if the genius that has delighted a world and adorned a nation, has some right to claim the indulgence and implore the peace which are given in the grave to the errors of meaner men, Byron has at least an equal right with Scott in the heir-looms he has left to posterity, and a far greater right than Scott in those extenuations of circumstance and position which God and man take into account when they balance our merits against our misdeeds. Scott, carefully and sedulously trained into decorous habits, religious principles, and prudent consideration of worldly seemings—from his cradle to his manhood: Byron, fatherless, and almost worse than motherless, thrown, while yet a boy, into the world, without a guide but the light of an untutored intellect, clouded by uncorrected passions: Scott, confined into worldly rules and sober ceremonials, by the exercise of a stern profession: Byron, without an aim or an object, "halting, rudderless, in the wide sea of wax." Scott, with an easy income, proportioned to his middling station, gradually widening as his wants expanded: Byron, in youth the pauper peer, galled by all

the embarrassments with which a haughty spirit can be stung, and which a generous heart could not fail to create: Scott—united by prudent and well-assorted ties to a faithful and affectionate partner, who jarred not against whatever were the inequalities of his character: Byron—shipwrecked in hearth and home by the very union which, under happier stars, might have corrected his infirmities, and given solidity to his wild and inconsistent virtues: Scott—undertaking his great enterprises, from the midst of tranquil and happy scenes; in the sober discretion of ripened years: Byron—rushing into the stormiest field of letters, in the very heat of boyish passions; and acquiring too soon a character, which made at once his anguish and his glory:—Scott—if subject to occasional and severe illness, still of the most robust constitution, and the most hardy nerves: Byron—the prey to maladies, which evinced from his youth a general derangement of some of the most important organs of the human frame—not occasional, but constant—interfering with the most ordinary comforts of life, and making the body itself the tormentor of the mind: the career of Scott, all serenity and gladness—without foes—without obstacles—without envy—without calumny: Byron—ere the beard was well dark upon his chin—persecuted—maligned—shunned—and exiled. His private sorrows, usually sacred to the meanest, but which unhappily the melodious cries of his own deep anguish gave some right to the crowd to canvass, made the matter of a thousand public and most malignant accusations! Can we institute a parallel between their situations and temptations? if not, all parallel between their errors is uncharitable and unfair.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

The Gatherer.

Ill Company.—Owen Feltham says:—We have no enemy like base company: it kills both our fame and our souls; gives us wounds, which will never admit of healing; and is both disgraceful and mischievous. How many have died ignominiously, and have used their last breath, only to complain of this, as that which had led them to those evils which they were then suffering. It is that which lifts man out of virtue's seat, and leads the good man to his soul's undoing. Certainly, there is no greater temptation than in bad society. Many a man had been good that is not, if he had but kept good company. When the Achaes of thy life shall be ill, who will not imagine thy life to be so too. No man but hath both good and bad in his nature, either of which fortify as they meet with their like; or decline, as they find a contrary. Good and wise associates defend each other against the devices of their

enemies. In evil company, could my name be safe, yet my soul would be in danger; could my soul be free, yet my fame would suffer. Though I be no hermit, yet will I choose rather to have no companion than a bad one. If I have found any good, I will cherish them as the choice of men; if I have any bad ones, I will study to lose them; lest by keeping them, I lose myself in the end. W. G. C.

The Amende Honorable, (says a recent writer,) was an ignominious punishment, termed *honorable*, on account of its being inflicted only on persons of high rank. The offender (says Cotgrave) was led through the streets, bareheaded and barefooted, with a burning link in his hands, to the seat of justice, or some other public place, where he confessed his offences, and begged forgiveness of the injured party. According to Monstrelet, Jacques Cœur, the celebrated financier, was condemned to make the *amende honorable* to the king, by the proxy of his attorney, who was to go bareheaded and ungirdled, with a lighted link of ten pounds weight in his hand. W. G. C.

Scott and Shakespeare.—It is a sign of the low state of criticism in this country that Scott has been compared to Shakespeare. No two writers can be more entirely opposed to each other in the qualities of their genius, or the sources to which they applied. Shakespeare ever aiming at the development of the secret man, and half disdaining the mechanism of external incidents; Scott painting the ruffles and the dress, and the features and the gestures—avoiding the movements of the heart, elaborate in the progress of the incident. Scott never caught the mantle of Shakespeare, but he improved on the dresses of his wardrobe, and threw artificial effects into the scenes of his theatres.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

Genius and Criticism.—Genius will arrive at fame by the light of its own star; but Criticism can often serve as a sign-post to save many an unnecessary winding, and indicate many a short way.—*Ibid.*

Writing for the Closet and the Stage.—As the difference between the effective oration and the eloquent essay—between Pitt so great to hear, and Burke so great to read, so is the difference between the writing for the eye of one man, and the writing for the ears of three thousand.—*Ibid.*

The chain of friendship, however bright, does not stand the attrition of constant close contact.

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